



Jonson The Fish



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Chapter 1 by Bernardo

Once upon a time there was a fish called Jonson, he lived in the ocean with his friend Jackson. They both lost their parents when they were kids, and they found each other looking for food, now they are both together beating and trying to survive in the scary dangerous ocean.

Chapter 2 by Luke Meyers



Jonson and Jackson loved to feed upon the swarms of krill in the warm waters of their home currents. Each morning they would shake the sleep from their fins and frolic together in the shafts of filtered sunlight, eating their fill and laughing gaily. It seemed as if their blissful existence would never end.

One day, though, Jonson awoke with a troubled feeling. His pelvic fins were tingling, which always meant trouble. He swam over to Jackson's favorite nook of coral where he usually slept, but Jackson was not to be found.

"Jackson! Jackson!" called Jonson. No reply. "Jaaaacksooooooonnn!" Nothing.

Jonson was beside himself with worry. He swam around for hours, asked all the other fish he knew, but nobody had seen him. Despondent, he stopped beside a kelp-covered rock to rest and ponder.

Suddenly, he heard a loud "BANG!" from nearby. Nearly jumping out of his scales, Jonson swished in a quick circle to find the source of the disturbance. Hearing another "BANG!", he

fixed his eye on an unusual sight – a gianted old mantis shrimp, dazzling in its display of colors and eerie appendages. It was pulling at a piece of coral, law, punching holes in the shell of an unfortunate oyster.

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anywhere! He's a fish, like me."

The mantis shrimp stopped its pounding and regarded Jonson curiously. After an interval, he spoke: "Jonson the fish. Your friend is not here. I do not know where he is; it will be some time before you see him again. But in answer to your next question, yes, I can help you find him."

Chapter 3 by intellikat



The mantis shrimp went about his pounding of the oyster once again.

"Well, where-- how do I find him?"

"Find whom?"

"My friend. Jackson the fish."

"Oh. Indeed." the old shrimp's voice trailed off for a moment. "My first question to you is this: Are you quite certain that young master Jackson wishes to be found?"

"What do you mean?"

"The meaning is quite clear; there is no obfuscation."

Jonson sighed bubbles. "Well, no. I don't know that. Jackson just disappeared overnight, though, which is rather unusual. I mean, we HAVE been friends for some time. We grew up together after losing our parents, and went to--"

"Yes, yes, of course. All that sentimental tosh and what not. But let me ask you a second question: Does Jackson..... go?"

"Excuse me?"

"Does he go? Have a go? Round the kelp? To and fro?"

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Jonson cleared his gills. "Umm. Well, if I understand your meaning clearly, mister shrimp, sir... then, ahm... no. I don't believe he does 'have a frolic!'"

"Say no more... say no more. Dumb's the word. My lips are sealed, mate." The old shrimp had lowered his claws, to the great relief of the battered oyster. "But I can tell you this. A hot little bioluminescent number came round here late last night. Picked up your mate, and WHOOSH, off they go. Happy as a clam, he looked to me." The shrimp paused. His half-beaten oyster had managed to crawl away. He turned back to Jonson. "Jonson the fish. I'm not convinced your Jackson wants to be found."

Chapter 4 by Windlion



Jonson continued aimlessly on, confused and upset by the shrimp's words. How could the shrimp think that the bosom buddy of his lifetime would swim away after some flashy luminescent without so much as a farewell?

"Ridiculous," he bubbled aloud, but something inside him questioned whether he might do the same in such a circumstance. Even if true, his inner fish reasoned, he had a moral obligation to find Jackson and remonstrate with him. Among the many valuable lessons they had learned in school together was that a fish who follows shiny lights too eagerly was often yanked up out of the water or suddenly met with a large opening surrounded by very sharp teeth.

Jonson swam on. The scents in the water changed, some threatening different, some enticingly so.

Then, ahead of him, Jonson saw a number of attractively shaped and colorful lights! With no thought other than finding his friend, he swam eagerly forward.

Chapter 5 by Tricia L - Occasionally popping online



"Excuse me," he asked, "Have you seen a fish named Jackson? About my size?"
The lights totally and utterly ignored him.

Hey!

Upon his bellow, the lights stopped. The fish swam out of the vicinity.

"Jackson, you say? I think we saw him with some... he was swimming into that trench over there."

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The lights glided over to the most forbidden-looking trench Jonson had ever seen, and his eyes widened. "He went in **there**?"

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